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The Sketch.

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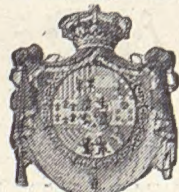
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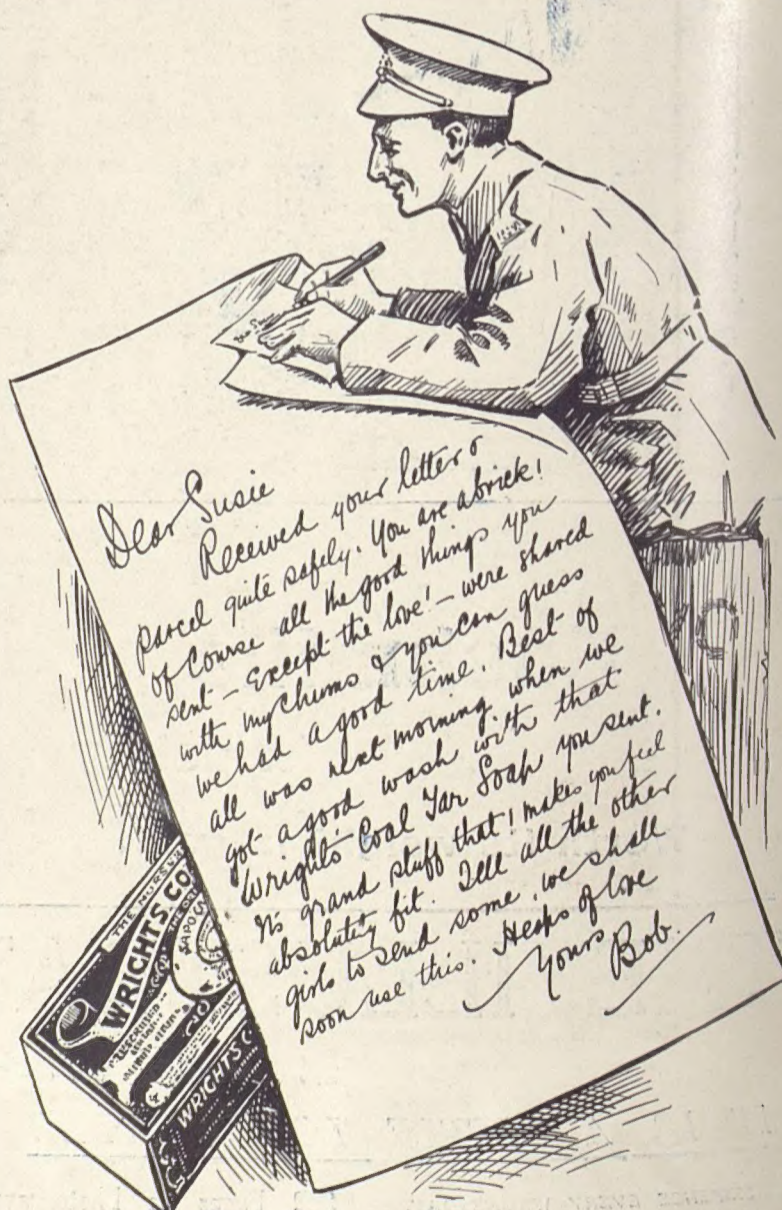
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The Sketch

No. 1180.—Vol. XCI.

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 8, 1915.

SIXPENCE.

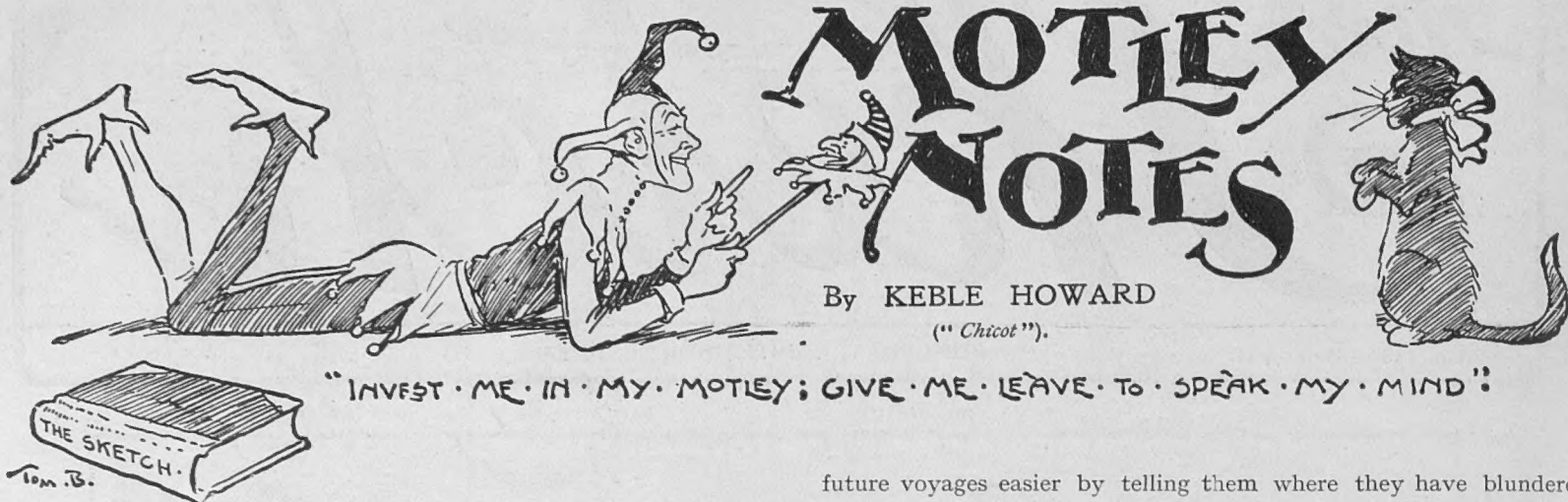


THE SYLVIA STOREY OF OTHER DAYS: THE COUNTESS POULETT—A NEW PORTRAIT.

The charming young Peeress of whom we give a new portrait is one of the numerous recruits to the army of aristocracy from the stage. Miss Sylvia Storey, as Lady Poulett was known before her marriage in 1908, was a clever and popular member of the Gaiety company, and known in private life as

Miss Sylvia Lilian Storey, the daughter of the well-known actor and artist, Mr. Fred Storey. Lady Poulett has two children—Viscount Hinton, born in 1909; and Lady Bridget Elizabeth Felicia Henrietta Augusta Poulett, born in 1912. The Earl and Countess live at Hinton House, Hinton St. George, Crewkerne.

Photograph by Rita Martin.



"The Patriot's Motto."

An extraordinary document has followed me to the end-of-the-world fishing-village to which, to escape the vengeance of my doctor, I recently retired for a few weeks. This peculiar document is headed—

"SOME REASONS WHY THE WAR SHOULD BE STOPPED," and here are the sub-headings:

- (1) "Halt!"
- (2) "Shall Belgium be Devastated?"
- (3) "Can Germany be Crushed?"
- (4) "Wasting the Most Precious Things of Life."
- (5) "Warfare and International Law."
- (6) "Democracy in Danger, Even Here."
- (7) "One Question on Which All Lovers of Britain Should Unite."
- (8) "The Patriot's Motto: 'Stop the War.'"

These sub-headings will give you some idea of this extraordinary document. Now for one or two typical passages:

"The military position is no more advanced to-day than it was in September last.

"A well-organised European State can maintain a conflict against a host of enemies for an indefinite period."

"The best and most humane course would be to negotiate rather than to drive the Germans out."

"No reliance can be placed upon any official statement as to the progress of affairs."

"The liberties of Britain are in danger from the militarism in our midst."

(This the most precious gem.) "Even Militarists should see the futility of placing enormous armies where want of co-operation and support from Allies might put them in most serious difficulties."

Names and Addresses.

This utterly silly and futile little leaflet concludes by giving the names and addresses of the people who are—nominally—responsible for it. I shall not flatter them by printing these names. If anybody in authority wants to see the leaflet, it is at their disposal. In the meantime, I am asked to write my name and address under this pretty notice:

"Please enrol me as a member of the British 'Stop-the-War' Committee and send literature to the following address. I enclose donation of ——— towards the expenses."

Obviously, it is not worth while to refute any of the passages I have quoted. A child could do it. But one is at liberty to inquire why this pernicious nonsense is allowed to batten on the folly of timid old maids?

Mr. Balfour and A Mere Fool.

"Now, it is plain that if one of these stories is true, the other is false. Why not, then, explain the discrepancy and tell the world in detail wherein the German account distorts the facts? The reason is quite simple. Zeppelins attack under cover of night, and (by preference) of moonless nights. In such conditions landmarks are elusive and navigation difficult. Errors are inevitable and sometimes of surprising magnitude. The Germans constantly assert, and may sometimes believe, that they have dropped bombs on places which, in fact, they never approached. Why make their

By KEBLE HOWARD

(“ Chicot ”).

future voyages easier by telling them where they have blundered in the past? Since their errors are our gain, why dissipate them? Let us learn what we can from the enemy. Let us teach him only what we must. Nobody will, I think, be disposed to doubt that this reticence is judicious."

In these wise, measured, statesmanlike words, Mr. Balfour, on Monday of last week, laid to rest the hobgoblin stories of the panic-mongers and the sensation-gourmands. "Nobody will, I think, be disposed to doubt that this reticence is judicious."

No person of the least sense in the world, Sir, will doubt it. Myself, even, least of all, for on this very page, many, many weeks ago, I ventured to marvel why the Admiralty published the names of the places visited by Zeppelins, and I drew a little picture of two German aeronauts correcting their maps with the aid of the English papers.

If I had my file of the *Sketch* with me in this inaccessible region, I might break into parallel columns, even as Mr. Balfour. As it is, let those who disbelieve my statement turn up their back numbers and prove the truth of my assertion for themselves. And let those who think that I should be suffused with blushes for daring to anticipate the Admiralty—as, in very sooth, I am—remember the historic little letter written not so long ago by Prince Louis of Battenberg.

These are hard times. We must all snatch at our crumbs, friend the reader, more particularly when we do not happen to be taking them from anybody else who has a better right to them.

The Gardener and His Waistcoat.

The *Spectator*, in the course of a review of a book on gardening and gardeners, wants to know "why a gardener, though he always goes about his duties without a coat, invariably retains his waistcoat, even in the hottest weather?"

As one who gives unsteady employment to jobbing gardeners, I think I can answer that question. To a jobbing gardener, there are in this life two essential things:

- (a) that he should knock off at one o'clock for dinner, and
- (b) that he should knock off at five o'clock for the day.

I once knew a jobbing gardener who, on a certain occasion, went on working, being vastly interested in his job, until ten minutes past five. A friend, calling to him over the hedge, told the man of his mistake. The gardener fell to the earth in a swoon, striking his head against his spade as he fell, and inflicting a somewhat nasty wound.

It is evident, therefore, that a jobbing gardener must always carry a watch, and the best and simplest way of carrying a watch—unless, of course, you have a wrist watch, which is not etiquette amongst gardeners—is in your waistcoat pocket.

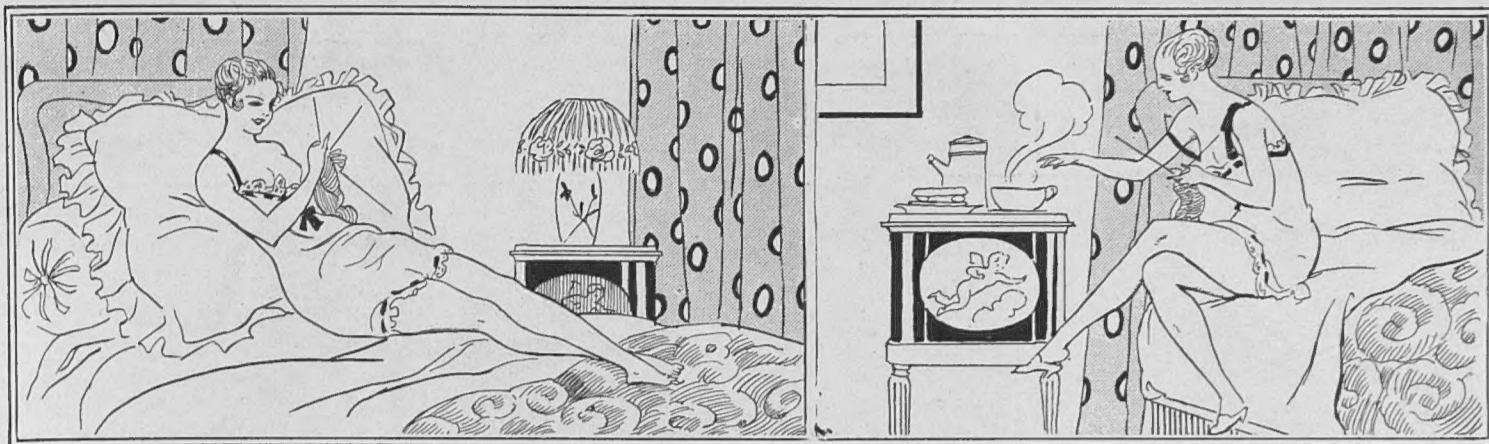
Avec mes compliments, Mister Spectator.

The Secret Out!

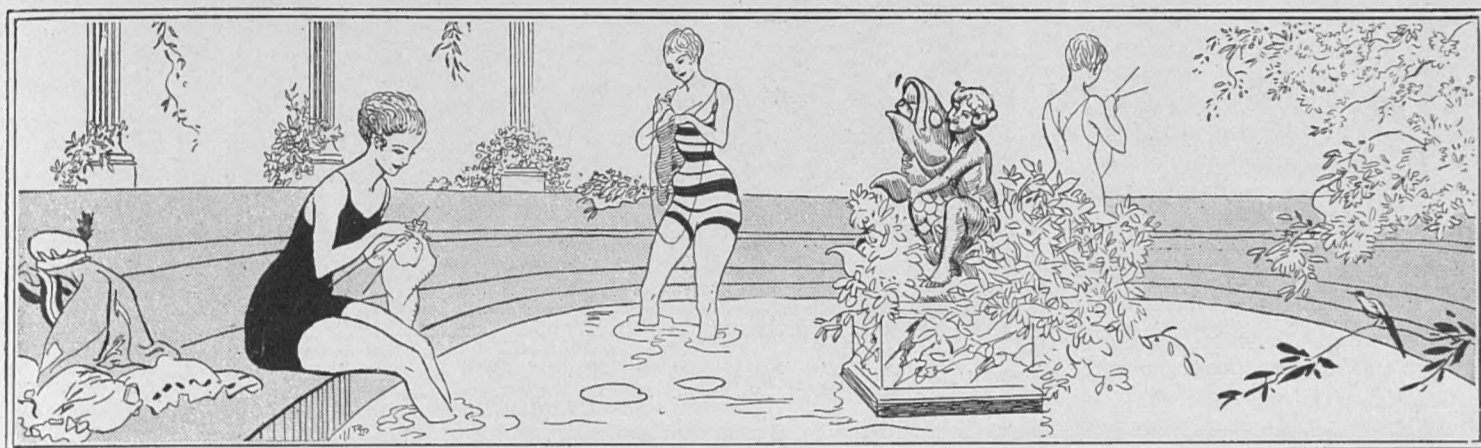
Mr. W. Lawton, secretary of the Society of Medical Officers of Health, has let the cat out of the bag. He has just disclosed the fact to astonished husbands that you can live for seven days on stewed rabbit, rabbit-pie, ox-tail, stewed kidneys, grilled kidneys, apple-tart, plum-tart, soused mackerel, fish-salad, potato-salad, fruit, bread, and other things of that sort for the sum of 3s. 8½d.

I suppose Mr. Lawton looks upon himself as a social benefactor. His complacency will be short-lived. Wait till the battalions of infuriated housewives get at him!

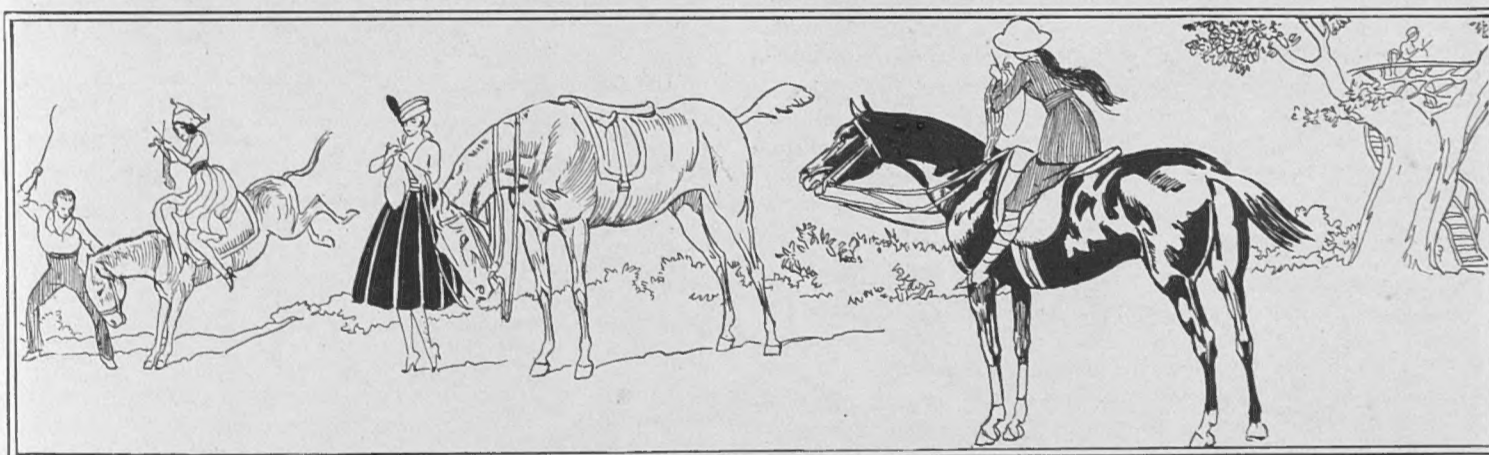
VANITIES OF VALDÈS: THE NON-STOP KNITTERS.



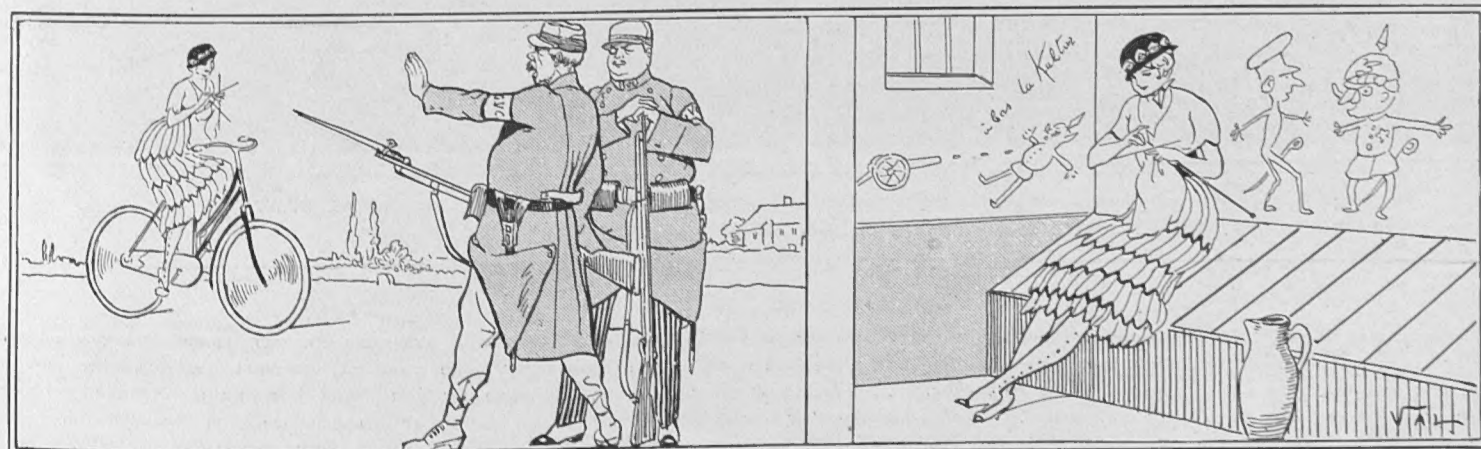
THEY KNIT FOR THE SOLDIERS, AND KNIT AT ALL HOURS: ON AWAKENING, AND WHILE COOKING BREAKFAST.



EVEN WHILE BATHING THEY GO ON WITH THE GOOD WORK.



AND WHILE RIDING IN THE "BOIS DE ROBINSON."



AND WHEN ARRESTED FOR CYCLING WITHOUT A LAISSEZ-PASSER:

"KICK IN!" AT THE VAUDEVILLE: A STORY OF CROOKS, 'TEC



WIFE OF THE REFORMED CROOK:
MOLLY (MISS HELEN HOLMES.)



CHICK TELLS HOW HE HAS DISPOSED OF THE BODY OF BENNIE: MISS HELEN HOLMES,
MOLLY; MISS EDITH BROWNING, MYRTLE SYLVESTER; MR. RAMSAY WALLACE, CHICK.



THE DETECTIVE, "WHIP" FOGARTY, BREAKS HIS WORD AND ARRESTS CHICK: MISS HELEN HOLMES AS MOLLY,
MR. RAMSAY WALLACE AS CHICK, AND MR. JAMES A. HEENAN AS "WHIP" FOGARTY.

CHARLEY CARY WITH

Chick Hewes was a crook, but not blown-in-the-glass crook, so he reformed, married Molly, who knew all about his previous career, and got a good job. Then one day a man named Bennie, who had befriended him after he came out of the Penitentiary, stole a famous diamond necklace, was shot while escaping arrest, and was borne to Chick's apartments to be hidden. Chick, realising what the man had done for him, could not refuse, although, of course, it placed him in grave danger, his record being remembered. Deputy-Commissioner Garvey, exceedingly anxious to recover the necklace, and knowing the friendship between Chick and Bennie, sent for the reformed crook and his wife, and cross-examined them as to the crime. They denied all knowledge of it. Then a terrible thing happened. Bennie, hidden away in Chick's garret, died of his wounds. The body had to be got rid of; and Chick stuffed it into a barrel, and, fortune being with him for the moment, had it dropped into the river. His troubles, however, were not over. The necklace was still missing,

AND SPARKLERS—AND A BLOWN-IN-THE-GLASS THRILLER!



DAISY, A NEW YORK FLAPPER, HAS A HEART-TO-HEART TALK WITH CHARLEY:
MISS HELEN MARQUA AS DAISY, AND MR. NOEL ARNOLD AS CHARLEY.



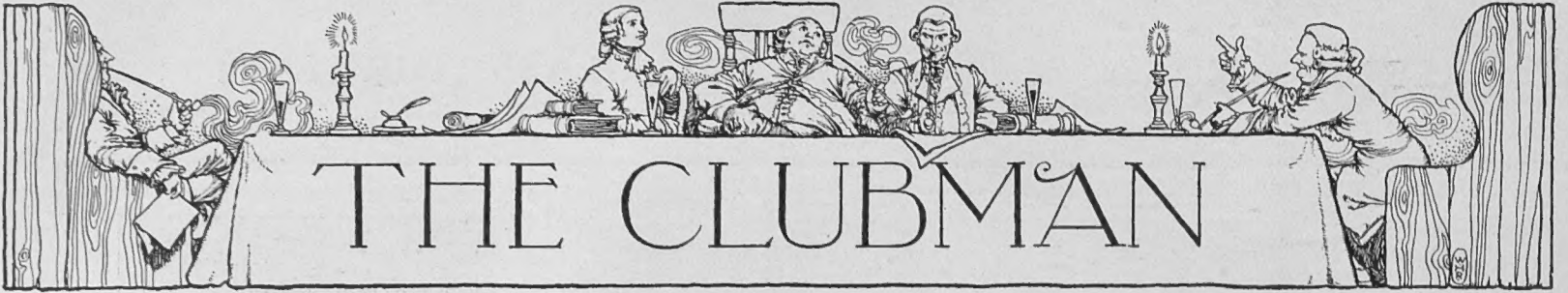
A RETIRED SHOP-LIFTER: MEMPHIS
BESSIE (MISS VERA H. FINLAY.)



CHICK IS SEARCHED FOR THE NECKLACE, IN DEPUTY-COMMISSIONER GARVEY'S OFFICE: MR. WILTON TAYLOR AS GARVEY,
MISS HELEN HOLMES, MR. PERCIVAL LENNON AS JACK DIGGS, MR. RAMSAY WALLACE, AND MR. JAMES A. HEENAN.

THE "SPARKLERS."

and Garvey, through the brutal detective "Whip" Fogarty, accused him of having it. In point of fact, it had been taken from the wounded Bennie by Molly's brother, Charley Cary, a morphia maniac. Finding this out at length, Chick took the necklace, intending to pass it over to the Deputy-Commissioner. As it happened, however, Fogarty arrived at Chick's before this could be done. He bargained with the ex-crook, and eventually persuaded him to acknowledge his possession of the "sparklers," in exchange for a promise that there the matter should end. Fogarty broke his word; and there was a great fight between the two men, in which the detective was worsted, thanks to the fact that Molly pricked him in the arm during the struggle with her brother's "hypo"! Later, in very ingenious fashion, Chick got the necklace into the hands of the Deputy-Commissioner, it being stipulated that nothing more should be said about the crime. So all ended happily.—[Photographs by Wrather and Buys.]



DEBASING THE COINAGE : SUBMARINE SPECULATIONS : THE BOGEY OF THE SKY.

Zinc Coins.

The zinc coins which are to be struck in Belgium to replace the nickel ones, which are becoming scarce, will be a curiosity for coin-collectors of the future. The Germans hope to propitiate the Belgians by the figure on the coin, which is to be that of a lion surrounded by laurel-wreaths. The lion is the typical animal of Belgium, and the great bronze lion which surmounted the mound at Waterloo, and which the Germans have taken away to melt, was the Belgian Lion, not the British Lion, as so many British tourists have believed. Belgium is one of the three great zinc-producing countries of the world, the United States and Germany being the other two. It will be interesting, when these coins are struck, to hear what their commercial value is. They are to be of the nominal value of five, ten, and twenty-five centimes, but no Belgian is to be forced to accept more than five francs' worth of these coins. I should imagine that it will only be under very strong pressure that any Belgian will accept as much as that.

An Iron Coinage. I have read somewhere that Germany herself is going to adopt an iron coinage. If this is the case, the coins will be simply tokens, and will have about the same relation to bronze and nickel that German paper money has to gold. As the Germans are using all the copper on which they can lay hands for their shells, it is more than likely that for their coinage they will use all the baser metals that can be turned into coins. A bagful of German iron coins will be about as valuable, after the war, as a bagful of broken fire-irons.

The Persistent Letter-Writer. The Huns evidently believe that their enemies will take notice of anything that is printed or written, for they are most industrious in their correspondence with their enemies and with neutrals. We in this country know how letter upon letter is sent to anyone who has had commercial relations with Germany, pointing out how advantageous it will be to England to conclude peace and resume commercial relations between the two countries. German aeroplanes in Flanders have scattered leaflets addressed to the Indian troops pointing out to them how foolish they are to fight for the British, who are really their enemies; but such of these leaflets as have fallen into the hands of our troops have been in a language they do not understand, for Hindi is as un-understandable as Greek to a Gurkha or a Pathan. Russia is now being deluged with letters from Germany, sent through neutral countries in rolls of paper and in chocolate-boxes. No doubt, it is pointed out to the Russians by the letter-writing Huns that the Moujik has nothing to gain and everything to lose by the war, and it would be most surprising—the letter-writer being a German—if Sir Edward Grey and the rest of the British Ministers were not accused of stirring up the war for their own benefit and that

of Great Britain. The Russian is much too stolid to take any notice of the enemy's suggestions that he should put an end to the war. If he "thee's" and "thou's" his Little Father, it is to bid him persevere with the war, and not to listen to German suggestions of a disgraceful peace.

The German Submarine Losses. The statement made by our Admiralty that our Navy has accounted for quite a number of the German submarines has encouraged the "know-alls" to state, with the utmost assurance, the exact number

of German under-sea boats that have gone to the bottom through one cause or another. If some of these dealers in sensations are to be believed, Germany has little more than a "baker's dozen" of submarines still available for warfare. Other would-be authorities say that Germany has lost half her submarine fleet. Whatever the number of German under-sea craft that have gone to "Davy Jones's locker" may be, the tales told of their undoing are as exciting as any story written for boys in any boys' magazine. There are also exciting stories being told us now of escapes of British submarines from the methods used by Germany to ensnare and destroy our boats. I have not heard any of these first-hand from any naval officer, but I was told second-hand, the other day, of the sensations of a young naval officer who heard the enemy's mines rattling against the side of his submarine when he was lying hid under the water, and who knew that if one of these mines exploded he and his crew were done for.

Zeppelins Frighten, But Do Not Kill.

If we are not told, for very good reasons, as Mr. Balfour has explained, of all the German submarines that have been sent to the bottom, we are always bidden to throw up our caps whenever a Zeppelin has been brought down. The Germans, though their submarine warfare has had no appreciable effect on British commerce, have certainly accomplished more with their under-sea craft than they have with their air craft. It used to be said of artillery that its rôle in warfare was more to frighten than to kill. The present war

has altered that; but certainly the Zeppelins during the first year of the war have done exceedingly little killing, though they have frightened very many school-children. I was not very far off on the occasion of the last Zeppelin raid from one of the places that were bombed by the disagreeable visitors, and the sound, in the depths of the night, of explosion after explosion is certainly a test of the state of one's nerves. One of the reasons for the non-success of the Zeppelins is that in every town the open spaces, including roads, are at least twice as great as the built-over spaces. If you doubt this, look at any map of London. It is, therefore, at least odds of two to one that a bomb-dropper hits nothing but the earth with a missile.



WITH HER STATUE "CONTEMPLATION": MISS SABRA BATCHELDER, A MASSACHUSETTS SOCIETY GIRL WHO HAS TURNED SCULPTOR.

Miss Batchelder "came out" two years ago, and has taken up sculpture as a profession. She won honourable mention for a torso at the Boston Museum of Fine Arts School in 1913, and has been commended for other work. It may be noted that she also clog-dances with considerable cleverness, and can play the drum and cymbals like a professional.

Photograph by Topical.

A GRENADIER'S ENGAGEMENT: THE BRIDE-ELECT.



TO MARRY LIEUTENANT CHARLES RICHARD BRITTEN: MISS DOROTHY ALLSOPP.

Miss Dorothy Allsopp is the only child of the Hon. Percy Allsopp (an uncle of Lord Hindlip) and Mrs. Allsopp, and was born in 1891. Her engagement to Lieutenant Charles Richard Britten is just announced. Mr. Britten is in the Grenadier Guards,

and is the younger son of the late Rear-Admiral R. F. Britten and the Hon. Mrs. Britten, of Kenswick Manor, Worcestershire. Mrs. Britten is the sister of Viscount Colville of Culross.—[Photograph by Rita Martin.]



THE finding of a spring of pure water is a great event for our men in Gallipoli, which means that pure and quite cold water is none too common in those parts. Will our Army be better off when it reaches its destination? It is told of a great lady who was staying in Constantinople, and who felt rather homesick for England and her Bishop, that

when she had an audience with the Sultan and was asked if she liked the city, she replied, "Yes; but I find great difficulty in leading my Inner Life here." This being interpreted—the lady never quite guessed what turn was given to her word in the process—the Sultan looked momentarily startled, but, recovering himself, remarked politely, "Ah, no one should drink water here without having it previously boiled."

The Feminine Cigarette.

Moderation in smoking is advised in one of the little

pamphlets issued by Lady Juliet Duff and her fellow-workers on the Women's War Economy League, but since "expensive cigars" are, in particular, the things these ladies set their minds against, we may presume that the feminine cigarette is still permitted. The woman war-worker, certainly, seems disinclined to renounce her after-luncheon whiff—indeed, she sees she gets it with a new determination, as if convinced that it helps her through a long working day. Only a little while ago the Lyceum Club still joked about its cloud of smoke; and when Lady Frances Balfour, as the chairwoman at one of its former dinners, announced the time for cigarettes, she added, "If the gentlemen who dislike the smell of smoke or dislike seeing ladies smoking will retire to the drawing-room and wait for us there, we will join them shortly." But now the jest is past, and the cigarette remains.

Holidays Well Earned.

usual, but with rather more than her old ardour

Mrs. McKenna, having signed the pledge, went to the North with fewer new golf-clubs than for the game. She, like her husband, has earned a few honest rounds. When the Chancellor of the Exchequer went to Nice some while back, he was hard at work with Italian Ministers for every moment of the few hours he spent abroad, and what sounded like a holiday was really a time of extraordinary high pressure. Though there is little enough golf for him even now, it is, oddly, more peaceful in quality than

any he and Mrs. McKenna enjoyed for some time before the war. In times of peace they always found the legends of militancy stuck on the pavilion, and "Votes for Women" burned with acids on the greenest portions of the putting-green.

A Brave Lord Ribblesdale has been terribly hard-hit by the war, his only surviving son, the Hon. Charles A. Lister, having succumbed to his wounds. Mr. Lister had been fighting with the Hood Battalion of the Royal Naval Division, at the Dardanelles. A fine officer, Lieutenant Lister was also a singularly earnest student of sociology, and was a believer in "practical Socialism." He would have been twenty-eight, in October.

The Indomitable Countess.

Countess de Laing is still in England, and still, despite the assault of Leagues, dress-reformers, and national tribulation, extremely smart and full of courage. An enemy that can make her dowdy will have crushed the last spark of Belgian spirit and sprightliness. Her husband, curiously enough, is fortified by something more than the indomitable courage of his own people. Through his mother, who was a cousin of Lord Macnaghten, he is partly English.

Miss Arnott's Fiancé.

Miss Arnott's Lord de Freyne succeeded to the title only a few months ago, and has had no time to get a footing in the "Peerages." His half-brother, the late Baron, was killed on active service in the earlier stages of the war, and had himself not long given up the good English name of French for his foreign-sounding title.

The Gainsborough Wedding.

The announcement of Lady Norah Noel's engagement to Captain Robert Bentinck is to be followed, after the brief interval that is now the fashion, by a wedding at Exton Park, the Earl of Gainsborough's place in Rutland. Lord and Lady Gainsborough and their daughter are great county favourites, and though the orders are that the marriage is to be very quiet, the people of the Oakham district will not let it pass without a certain amount of flag-flying and roadside acclamation. As a landlord, Lord Gainsborough is one in a thousand—attentive to all interests of the countryside, from its foxes to its harvests.



TO MARRY CAPTAIN G. F. DICKINSON: MISS HELEN MARY LIVINGSTON.

Miss Livingston is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Livingston, Merryflats, Oxtou, Cheshire. Captain Dickinson is the eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. George Dickinson, of Red How, Lamplugh, Cumberland, and Sunnyside, Liverpool, and is in the London Scottish.

Photograph by Bacon.



TO MARRY CAPTAIN GUY AYLMER: MISS CHRISTABEL RUSHBROOKE.

Miss Rushbrooke is the only daughter of the late Mr. Wyndham Rushbrooke, of Rushbrooke Park, Suffolk, and Mrs. Rushbrooke. Captain Guy Aylmer is the son of Colonel H. L. Aylmer, late 16th Lancers, and of Mrs. Aylmer, Risby Manor, Bury St. Edmunds, and is in the 12th (Service) Battalion King's Royal Rifle Corps.

Photograph by Swaine.



ENGAGED TO CAPTAIN L. M. B. SALMON: MISS HENRIETTA ELIZABETH KEAYS-YOUNG.

Miss Keays-Young is the daughter of the late Lieutenant-Colonel H. W. Keays-Young, J.P., 17th Lancers, and Royal Irish Regiment, and Mrs. Keays-Young, of Chart-Sutton, near Maidstone. Captain Salmon is in the Welsh Regiment, and is the son of the late Captain M. B. Salmon, Q.O. Bombay Light Cavalry, and of Mrs. Vicars, Avondale, Eastbourne.

Photograph by Lallie Charles



MARRIED ON AUGUST 27: MRS. ALAN E. HORNE (MISS HENRIETTE KELLY.)

Miss Henriette Kelly, daughter of the late Arthur W. Kelly and sister of Mrs. Frank Gould, of Maisons Laffitte, France, was married, on August 27, to Lieutenant Alan E. Horne, Surrey Yeomanry, elder son of Mr. W. Edgar Horne, M.P., and Mrs. Horne, of 5, Tilney Street.—[Photograph by Rita Martin.]



TO MARRY CAPTAIN CHARLES BUTLER: MISS VIOLET ABEL SMITH.

Miss Violet Abel Smith is the daughter of Lieut.-Colonel and the Hon. Mrs. Abel Smith, Woodhall Park, Hertford. Captain Charles Butler is in the 60th Rifles.—[Photo. by Val l'Estrange.]



ENGAGED TO MR. S. G. LUBBOCK, OF ETON: MISS IRENE SCHARRER.

Miss Irene Scharrer is the well-known English pianist. Mr. S. G. Lubbock is a master at Eton College.

Photograph by L. Caswall Smith.

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A COLDSTREAMER'S ENGAGEMENT: THE BRIDE-ELECT.



TO MARRY THE HON. GERARD STURT, HEIR TO LORD ALINGTON: MISS HONOR DOROTHY LEIGH,
GRANDDAUGHTER OF LORD ABERGAVENNY.

Miss Honor Dorothy Leigh is the only daughter of Mr. John Blundell Leigh, and a grand-daughter of the Marquess of Abergavenny. Her engagement to the Hon. Gerard Philip Montagu Napier Sturt has just been announced. Mr. Sturt, whose portrait we

give on another page, is in the Coldstream Guards, and has been wounded in the present war. He is the elder son, and heir, of Lord Alington, and was born in 1893.—[Photograph by Yevonde.]



THE JAM OF NAWANAGAR.

TO be peppered by the presumably harmless friend of a friend during a day's grouse-shooting is hard luck at any time, but especially hard luck at the present moment. Nor is it easy in such cases to know for whom one is most sorry—the victim or the culprit. "Sad accident to a Peer" was the well-remembered newspaper headline to an account of the fatal shooting of a game-keeper by his noble master; and though one may treasure those words as a delightful example of a topsy-turvy sense of values, they express one side of the truth well enough. That "Ranji" tried to make light of his accident by continuing to shoot (unsuccessfully, as it turned out) marks his anxiety not to distress his host and his fellow-guest. Although injured seriously in the eye, he attempted to go on with the day's sport, and only gave up when the pain convinced him that, in duty to himself, he should seek a surgeon instead of thinking only of sparing the feelings of others. His bearing, I am told, was worthy of a soldier and a gentleman—qualities which would be taken for granted on the battlefield, but which sometimes fail the best-regulated hero under the momentary annoyance of a petty and painful accident in the unheroic surroundings of an English game-preserve.

United India. The Jam Saheb came to Europe for war service as soon as ever he could collect his forces. One of the ruling Princes of India, he belongs, nevertheless, to Trinity, to Fenner's, to Hove, and to Staines almost as much as to Nawanager. He is not one of those "stein, black-bearded Kings" (as, Kipling calls them) from whom the Hon. John Fortescue, official historian of the last Durbar, expected and desired a greater show of humility in the presence of their Imperial master than they, in their ancient pride, deemed fit to display before a mixed horde of sight-seers. But we, like the black-bearded ones, have now forgotten all misgivings; we and they know the essential loyalty that is India's. We know it by reason of the lives and service they are offering, of the treasure they are giving, of the long strings of motor-ambulances, guns, and wagons that have passed over the roads that lead to action. The Gaekwar of Baroda, it goes without saying, has availed himself amply of the war for making his peace; his cars are the swiftest and strongest in all the great multitude of war-motors.

"Stout Fellow!" For the Jam of Nawanager, on the other hand, there was no call for a peace-making. His return to England at such a time was inevitable, natural. He came back for the international conflict as willingly as for an All England

cricket match. He returned, it is true, a little stouter than he was wont to be in the old days of the white silk shirt, but he humorously puts down the alteration in his figure to the clumsiness of khaki. "One must wear many vests," he explained, "for a spring campaign in the nipping airs of Europe; but I am fit as ever, you shall see."

A Great Shot. Since his cricket has somewhat lapsed, his Highness has become more and more devoted to his gun. Even in the old days, shooting held the second place on the list of his many recreations, and when he joined the royal party at Balmoral some years ago he proved himself to be a prince among

the princes of the art of bagging game-birds. His own domains afford a wonderful variety of sport, from big game to partridges and woodcock; and many Englishmen have received his hospitality as a sporting host in Kathiawar. Cricketers who have gone to India with a horizon hardly larger than the boundary of Lord's or the Oval have returned proficient in pig-sticking and tiger-hunting. An Indian, somebody has said, came to England to teach us to play our national game; and Englishmen have learned to shoot partridges from the same gentleman in India.

At Trinity. He himself learned the game as a boy in his native country. He still claims that the fielding of his eleven at the Raj Kumar College between 1882 and 1888 could have given points to the fielding of any of our public schools. Coming to Cambridge, his genius with the bat was soon discovered; instead of steeping himself in John Stuart Mill and the literature of national freedom, he spent his time at the nets, and even thawed the intellectual reserves of the Master of Trinity. That gentleman's green enthusiasms revived at the sight of the great young stylist—a stylist, not in letters, by any means, but of the batting crease.

Centuries Ago. Even now, in this age of khaki, one must be allowed to think of the Prince as a figure, slender and symmetrical, moving with the lightness of a young roe, the flexuous elegance of the leopard, on

the green turf of the Hove ground, his silk shirt flapping in the Sussex breezes. He himself gives us the excuse for harping back to that time of minor exploits, for he claims that in cricket "there is an element of the heroic not to be found in other games." "I can imagine," he says, "Agamemnon, Achilles, and their peers not unbecomingly engaged in a cricket match." So, too, we may not unbecomingly think of our imperial soldier as the "Ranji" of many immortal centuries.



VICTIM OF A GROUSE-SHOOTING ACCIDENT: MAJOR THE JAM OF NAWANAGAR ("RANJI").

Everyone was sorry to learn that Major the Maharajah Jam Saheb of Nawanager, who has long been so popular in England as Prince Ranjitsinhji—or, with the affectionate familiarity which is a sort of freemasonry in the world of sport, Prince "Ranji," the famous cricketer—and has been fighting for the Empire, had come to England for a brief rest, scatheless, only to be "peppered," through a regrettable accident, by a friendly "gun" while grouse-shooting on a moor near Scarborough. The injuries threatened to be serious. An operation was successfully performed, and happily he will not lose the sight of the injured eye. The Prince is staying in a nursing home in Leeds, and is going on quite satisfactorily. Prince Ranjitsinhji was born in 1872, and succeeded his cousin as Maharajah of Nawanager in 1906. He finished his education at Trinity College, Cambridge, and made his first appearance on an English cricket field in 1895, for the Sussex County Cricket Club. In 1897-98 he went with Stoddart's All England Eleven to Australia.—[Photograph by Vandyk.]

HOW WAR EPICS ARE WRITTEN: AT THE DARDANELLES.

*After the Landing at Anafarta.*

HIS TYPEWRITER RESTING ON AMMUNITION-BOXES: MR. ELLIS ASHMEAD-BARTLETT WRITING A DESPATCH.

It is an accepted axiom that war makes or breaks reputations. In the world of journalism it may safely be said that Mr. Ellis Ashmead-Bartlett has made his reputation beyond all question. Since, happily, he was saved from the wreck of the "Majestic," when that vessel was torpedoed in the Dardanelles on May 27, when he lost the whole of his kit and had to return to England and re-fit before going back

to his work, Mr. Bartlett has sent many memorable articles to London, describing incidents of the war with a minuteness, vividness, and vigour which give his work the nature of an epic. Yet, as our photograph shows, these articles have been produced under sufficiently crude conditions—type-written, as in this case, with machine and writer alike perched upon a mound of ammunition-boxes.

Photograph by Alfieri.



LETTERS FOR LONELY SOLDIERS: NOUS AVONS CHANGÉ TOUT CELA.

BY MARTHE TROLY-CURTIN. (Author of "Phrynette and London" and "Phrynette Married.")

EVEN now, and without you, fighting friends at the Front, there are things that rejoice one's sense of humour—besides the new revue and the last trot—little comical things that sprout out of the big fearful facts like a mushroom on a mountain, like a spot on the hand of the Venus de Milo. Well, there may have been a spot there, for all you know—and, yes, she would be a fearful fact had she been a real live creature! Imagine having a wife like that—the tyranny of perfection under one's roof, a wife who would make you fear for the frailty of furniture, and render everything around shrunk, mean, and vulgar. What did I mean to tell you

before such a lengthy parenthesis? Oh, yes; of the risibility of oddity—I had just been reading a news item from the *Lokal-Anzeiger* telling this war-woeeful world how "two young women were fined thirty shillings, or three days' imprisonment, for giving the glad eye to British prisoners whose internment camp they passed on a river excursion." Now who was the authority who could judge whether the eye given was "glad" or otherwise? There are so many sorts and shades and subtleties of "glad-eyeing," besides the simple, genuine "glad to see you" look. There is the "Sunny-summer-day-when-everything-goes-right" look which may be cast at the blind shoe-lace man at the corner, and means nothing except that you feel young and life feels like a suspended floor—you know the sensation. Then there is the "Oh-dear-how-much-like-Jack-this-chap-is-when-Jack-was-clean-shaven" look. Then there is the "Here-goes-my-affinity-and-I'll-never-know-his-name" look. Then there is the "What-a-face" look. Then there is the "How-dare-you-stare-so-Sir?" look. Then there is the "I-wonder-whether-that-girl-is-his-sister?" look, and so on *ad infinitum*, which I do not recommend when crossing Charing Cross! This art of glad-oglegraphy has a vast vocab-

ulary, but only two people can read its message—he who gladoglegraphises and she who gladoglereceives, or *vice versa*—and I am surprised at the German authorities daring to intercept and interpret the look that lurks between a woman's lashes! This supposed "glad eye" might have been, indeed, one of contemptuous commiseration. It may have meant merely, "How skinny those scarecrow British soldiers! How unlike my handsome Hans with his two nice napes of neck and pink quadruple chins! And how queerly built, these British—why, they have waists actually, like some women!" It may have been that the glad-eyeing girls meant (though I don't think!), so many meanings are there in the twinkling of a winking; and, anyway, I hold that the expression "glad eye" is a cruelly condensed one—I prefer our French "*les yeux doux*," but it must be looked at to be liked, and, unfortunately, I can *vous faire les*

yeux doux derrière la Manche only! Are you strong enough in French by now to poke fun at this poor pun, gentlemen of the trenches?

I wonder how much you have learned in France, besides French? Are you, like Mr. Rudyard Kipling, "surprised" at France, at her energy, earnestness, and virility? I hope not. I hope you always knew that there was a robust, real France, and that the fact did not come to you as a surprise that Montmartre was only a little pin-point on our map; that "*La Vie Parisienne*" may be a portrait gallery, but where many of the best members of our family are not.

Here we are not glad-eyeing much except when a cartload comes along of men in light-blue uniforms, and that is because, if looks don't kill, they often heal. We don't glad-eye much, but we women work on, to the astonishment of our fathers and the pride of our mothers. Things are being done by women now that should always have been done by women. I think that even after the war you will see less often young men with pallid complexion, plastered hair, and pins on their coat-lappets, measuring silks and folding sheets behind a counter. They have learned by the war that big hands have been given them for big work.

The first girl-chemist has made her appearance. No one ever thought really that it required muscles to mix medicines and prepare pills and powders; but, well—there was no precedent, you see. This war has precipitated precedents *some*, as they say in "Kick In" at the Vaudeville.

Then there is the woman Press Agent, still something of a novelty. I have seen her: she has nice blue eyes and wavy black hair; she knows what people have written, acted, danced, or otherwise done better than the people themselves; she can make interviewed victims witty (yes, and you know how dull celebrities are), and yet she is not a

bit redoubtable really, and she does not smell of stale tobacco, and there is no ink-spot on her pretty cuffs.

Speaking of cuffs, I saw the other day in a shop-window a pair of boots, military boots, which, had they been half their size and laced on the side instead of in front, I would have looted and walked away with. Imagine a soft, silky, plushy texture, russet in colour, supple as a glove—the sort of leather Omar Khayyam is fond of wrapping his wisdom in, the skin that covers Miss Ella Wheeler Wilcox at Christmas time. Are such boots the fashion, or was that unique and only pair specially made for some soldier-man sore-soled or sybaritic? I did not dare enter the shop and ask, and the shy "sub" at my side refused to do that for me. "This son of a gun" (meaning the shopman) "might take me for a tender-foot to boot!" he protested. So the problem remains to be solved.

THE POLYGAMY QUESTION AGAIN.



1.

The Lady Who Will Not Contemplate It:—
"I could never share any man's love."

The Lady Who Is Quite Enthusiastic:—
"I think it would be an awful rag."

2.



G. E. PETO

A WOULDN'T AND A WOULD.

DRAWN BY G. E. PETO.

THE FORCE OF HABIT.



THE EXAMINING OFFICER: Whatever induced you to cross to our trenches?

FRITZ, THE WAITER: I 'ear somepoddy call out "Bill!" und I rush ober t'inking it vos a gustomer.

DRAWN BY WILL OWEN.



By CARMEN OF COCKAYNE.

The Reign of the Tailor-Made.

The familiar landmarks of the season are submerged but not wholly wiped out by the flood of war. The Twelfth of August, the First of September, the First of October, still have meaning for a good many people. There are holidays to be taken, if only for sheer reasons of health.



A smart little taffeta silk hat in lapis-lazuli blue with ribbon-crown of blue and white. The blue veil is of chiffon, with chenille embroidered ends, and it is fastened to the shoulder with a lapis-lazuli brooch.

at the tees. These decrees have to be accepted. You can defy them, it is true, if you are a man with a million, or a man of a million. Sir Gorgeous Midas can miss the partridge if he likes in rubbers and flannels. Mr. Balfour could golf in trousers. But these liberties are not for the common man; and as for a woman, whatever her wealth and station, she can defy the conveniences of dress only at a perfectly dreadful cost. Be sure that the ladies of the Dress Economy League, or whatever it is, will not go punting in golf costume or invade the moors in their tennis clothes.

The Generous Pocket.

We must have proper clothes, then, for the seasons and for various occasions, and at this time of year one turns naturally to the tailor-made. Its reign is as powerful as ever. The skirt is wide and full, to allow free movement, and there is a marvellous outburst of pockets. Such pockets, too! Not mere slits to hold a railway ticket, but deep, capacious things with the expansive capacity of a poacher's. The vanity-bag is no longer a necessity since the latterly depressed pocket has come to its own again. There is reason in this, as in so many of the seeming vagaries of fashion. It is really a concession to the busy woman engaged in

all kinds of duties connected with the war. Ample pocket accommodation is often a great help to her, loaded as she frequently is with documents or accessories, and it is no little boon to her that she can combine convenience and smartness.

Ideas from the Haymarket.

There is no better place to study the infinite variety of the tailor-made and the manifold specialties of sport costume than the famous house of Burberry in the Haymarket. They have brought to a fine art the bodily protection and adornment of the out-of-door woman. A sartorial solecism here is out of the question, and it is impossible not to admire the cunning with which cut and utility are combined. Such a union is, of course, necessary, for the days are long past when women of good social position were divided into two classes—rugged Dianas with no idea of grace, and elegant Cleopatras with no notion of honest healthy exercise. Pretty well everybody is a sportswoman nowadays, and the modern sportswoman never forgets that she ought to look "nice" as well as play

hard. Even if you go after fish there is no need, as Burberry's will quickly show you, to be frumpish. Their waterproof suits are graceful as well as highly practicable. Motoring was at one time something of a puzzle to the trade. How to make a woman packed for rapid transit on dusty roads really neat and fit to invade at any moment a smart luncheon-room? The feat has been achieved, as a glance at any motor-car can show you. There is all the difference between the crude styles of a few years back and the perfectly adapted costume of to-day.

The Right and the Wrong.

Why a white skirt and a simple lawn blouse should be the correct wear for tennis, and tweed have no fellow for golf, we need not seek to inquire. We only know that you shrink from a woolly girl at tennis, and shiver on the hottest day at the sight of a filmy blouse



"A long coat in Burberry hazel silk. . . A skirt such as is illustrated here, topped by a carefully selected jersey coat and a hat impervious to the attentions of the heaviest rain, would fulfil the requirements of those engaged in other than nursing duties."

A Practical Garment.

The long coat here sketched is carried out in Burberry hazel silk. It is full length, loose for comfort, and belted for style. It forms a luxurious and smart travelling-wrap, for which purpose it is mainly intended. With so many women engaged in "war work" the problem of a suitable costume is a very real one. Where walking and standing are entailed an abbreviated skirt is a necessity. A skirt such as is illustrated here would fulfil the requirements of most of those engaged in other than nursing duties. Carried out in the favourite chequer-board design tweed, skirt meets yoke in a series of flat pleats. The "feeling" for buttons has not been overlooked, and it is interesting to know that the garment can be supplied in shower and rain proof materials in a variety of colours. With such a skirt, topped by a carefully selected jersey coat, and a hat impervious to the attentions of the heaviest rain, the worker may cheerfully face all that is demanded of her, secure in the feeling that her garments will not be ruined.



A very new Tam-e-Shanter sports hat and scarf.

THE LONDON ("SKETCH") GAZETTE.



OPEN TO MANY : DECORATIONS WE WOULD AWARD

DRAWN BY G. E. STUDDY.



A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL

MRS. VERALOUR GETS IN.

By F. HARRIS DEANS.

WHEN we came out of the station, Mrs. Veralour and Elizabeth, with that altruism which marks everything they do, snapped up the only taxi in the yard and went off to discover the whereabouts of our summer bungalow, leaving me staring wanly after them from over a pile of luggage.

As they swirled away in a cloud of dust, a sudden thought struck me. My only information about our summer residence was confined to the fact that it was named "Seaview." In more literal days it would have been a comparatively simple matter to discover a house with such a name; all that would have been necessary would be to go down to the beach, stand with one's back to the sea, and, having sighted the nearest house, re-name it "Eureka." Nowadays, however, "Seaview" is the name one gives a chalet in the valley of a pine-forest. Accordingly, I basely deserted the luggage, and, jumping into a decrepit four-wheeler, instructed the driver to keep the taxi in sight at all costs.

When I alighted, I was astonished to find Mrs. Veralour and Elizabeth leaning over the gate waiting for me.

"Thanks, friends," I said, "for this welcome. All the village has turned out to greet its new Squire. Old Granny Veralour, who nursed me as a child; and—it cannot be, it is, it is—Betty, my little village sweetheart, grown quite a bonny maid."

I opened my arms.

"Don't be silly, Dick," said Elizabeth, making no effort to spring into them.

"I'm a bit overcome," I said apologetically, "that's what it is. I expected to find both of you curled up in the only two arm-chairs in the house; instead of which you come to the gate to meet me, almost as if I were a stranger. I think it's very nice of you."

Mrs. Veralour smiled her appreciation of my thanks; then she looked at Elizabeth and smiled again—a different sort of smile.

It was Elizabeth who broke it to me that I had been too appreciative of their courtesy.

"Dick," she said, "er—are you any good at housebreaking?"

"Ssh!" I said. "Is the cabman out of hearing? You have discovered my secret."

"No," she persisted; "but are you?"

"Well, I've never done time for it," I admitted. "Why?"

"Only we can't make anyone hear," explained Mrs. Veralour. "We engaged a maid with the place, but she seems to be out."

"Have you knocked?"

"No," said Elizabeth; "we left it to her intuition to guess that we were here. Of course we've knocked! It's a brass knocker, else it would have been broken long ago."

"I suppose this is the place?" I suggested, glancing about me.

"Of course it's the place," said Mrs. Veralour, quite offended. "It's on the gate. Do you think I can't read?"

"N—o," I said. I took out my cigarette-case. "Ladies, you may smoke. I tell you what," I went on, after I had finished striking matches, "the man who called this place 'Seaview' must have spent most of his time up in his bedroom with a telescope. I suppose," I added, struck by a sudden thought, "I suppose there is a sea down here? I haven't come across one yet."

"I expect it's low tide, or something," suggested Elizabeth, who always looks on the bright side of things. "What about breaking in?"

"Raffles, forward!" I said briskly. "If one of you will make a noise like a barrel-organ, I'll climb up the waterspout."

"Eh?" said Elizabeth.

"Make a—like a barrel-organ?" faltered Mrs. Veralour.

"Well, I can't pretend to be a monkey without some encouragement," I said. "How else are we to get in?"

"There's the window," said Elizabeth.

"I'm not going to climb through the window," cried Mrs. Veralour, in alarm.

"Dick'll climb through," said Elizabeth; "won't you, Dick?"

"Ye—es," I said. I regarded the sky. "D'you know, I think there's going to be a break in the weather. Why not put off our holiday until next year? You know, if a policeman saw me climbing through the window . . ."

"You're afraid," said Elizabeth scornfully. "I'd do it myself if I had my other stockings on. If a policeman did see you, we'd only have to say it was our house."

"It's not so much what we'd say that's worrying me," I observed, "as what he would believe. However . . ." I squared my shoulders and regarded the window for a moment. "I want a diamond to cut out a pane of glass," I mentioned.

"A knife would be better," suggested Mrs. Veralour, fingering her rings uncertainly.

"A knife!" I cried. "Mrs. Veralour, where ignorance is bliss, what a jolly time you'd have. You can't cut glass with a knife."

"I didn't mean cut it. You stick the knife up between the sashes"—she illustrated with vague movements of her hand—"and—and push the catch back."

"Good Lord!" I said.

Simultaneously Elizabeth and I turned and regarded each other with concerned faces.

"Fancy Mrs. Veralour knowing such awful things!"

"The society she must have mixed with!"

"The knives she must have blunted in her time!" gasped Elizabeth.

"Perhaps she's brought us down here to murder us," I shuddered.

"I read it in a book," put in Mrs. Veralour hastily.

"She says she read it in a book," said Elizabeth, in a stage whisper.

"Ah, well," I said, with a sigh of relief, "perhaps she did. She reads shocking books."

"Are you going to get through the window or are you not?" cried Mrs. Veralour, a trifle impatiently. "Because if not——"

"If not?" I echoed suggestively.

"You'd better go back and see after the luggage, and Elizabeth and I will."

"I would now," said Elizabeth defiantly, "for two pins."

"Thank heaven," I said, "I haven't so much as a tie-pin on me." I took my knife from my pocket and opened a blade. Brandishing it, I strode resolutely forward, and at the second attempt forced back the catch.

"This is the only manly way of entering a house," I cried, struggling with the lower sash. "I've tasted blood; I shall never use a front door again, I swear it!"

By superhuman exertions I jerked the window up about a foot, and then it definitely stuck, in spite of the encouraging little taps that Mrs. Veralour and Elizabeth gave it, after I had retired exhausted.

"I wonder if you could get your head through there," said Mrs. Veralour at length, regarding me anxiously; "I've heard that where a man can get his head through he can get the rest of his body."

"You're thinking of 'bus horses," I murmured. "It used to be the proud boast of the London 'bus-driver that where he could get his horse's head he could get his 'bus.'"

With a Napoleonic air, Elizabeth snatched my Homburg hat off my head and fitted it to the opening.

[Continued overleaf.]

German Breaches of the Hague Convention.



XII.—GIN-AND-BITTERING THE WELLS IN GERMAN SOUTH-WEST AFRICA TO INDUCE RATION-PROOF HUNGER.

DRAWN BY W. HEATH ROBINSON.

"Yes, you can," she said triumphantly; "at least, your hat can, so I suppose your head can."

"Elizabeth," I said, with a touch of melancholy, "I don't know whether you're *trying* to be offensive, but my hat's a soft one."

"What's that got to do with it?" she cried.

"He means—" began Mrs. Veralour, who spends quite a lot of time explaining Elizabeth to herself.

"Don't tell her what the inference was," I begged, "or else she'll swear she meant it, and swagger about her sense of humour."

"Don't talk so much," cried Elizabeth, who hates not to see a joke, especially when it's one of her own. "You climb through the window."

"This," I said pensively, "is where the presence of a small boy would be almost unobjectionable. Now I understand why burglars have such large families. They've always got an infant guaranteed to fit any window."

There was nothing heroic about the manner of my entry. Instead of springing through, I had to give a little hop on to the window-sill, and then wriggle like a worm. As I hesitated, half in and half out, wondering how I could land on the floor inside without falling on my head, Mrs. Veralour put an end to my perplexity by giving a helpful little shove to my legs.

As I disappeared into the house and rolled over, she—Elizabeth apparently giving her a leg-up—poked her head in through the window.

"Have I hurt you?" she inquired anxiously.

"It wasn't you," I said politely; "it was the floor. If you'll wait a moment, I'll send you out a bulletin: I'm not sure whether it's a simple stun or concussion of the brain. At the very least, I've knocked a pedestal over and broken an art-pot." I rose to my feet. "You ought to have told me to be careful," I said reproachfully.

Before I could say anything further, Elizabeth withdrew whatever support she had been giving, and Mrs. Veralour abruptly disappeared.

By a piece of luck there was a decanter of whisky on the table, and I paused for a moment to administer a simple, homely remedy to myself.

I had just reached the hall, and was approaching the front door, when it suddenly opened, and the surprised faces of Mrs. Veralour and Elizabeth appeared.

"Hullo!" I said. "What was the word—'Open Sesame'?"

Elizabeth ventured a half-abashed smile.

"I—I didn't know it was open," she faltered. "I just happened to turn the handle, and—and it opened."

"Oh," I said, rubbing the bruise on my forehead, "now we've only got to discover the maid was in the house all the time, and there'll be no excuse for my getting in through the window."

"He's being sarcastic," said Mrs. Veralour brightly; "watch the curve of his lip."

Turning on my heel, I led the way into a room at the rear.

On the threshold I paused.

"Now really," I said, "this is very thoughtful."

"What is?" cried Elizabeth, tip-toeing and peering over my shoulder.

"How nice of them!" chimed in Mrs. Veralour, ducking under my arm and making for the table on which lunch was laid.

"Restrain yourself, Mrs. Veralour," I cried reprovingly. "This is gluttony. Take an example from Elizabeth and me; from *our* manners we might be in a restaurant."

"So thoughtful!" murmured Mrs. Veralour, who had not had any breakfast.

"Yes," I said. I glanced more carefully at the table. "Er—did they know there were three in our party?"

"I told them so. Why?"

"Oh, nothing—nothing. Elizabeth will be quite satisfied with a glass of milk and a slice of cake."

"I will?" cried Elizabeth, in horror.

"Well, *my* strength *must* be kept up," I said definitely; "I have to go down about the luggage presently."

I retreated a step, shut one eye, and regarded the indignant Mrs. Veralour critically.

"Ye-es," I said pensively; "just a leetle. Elizabeth, don't you think Mrs. Veralour is a leetle too—too robust for perfection?"

"Yes, I do," assented Elizabeth, who had been eyeing the table with an air of alarm. "Nothing really noticeable, Mrs. Veralour," she went on consolingly, "only we know you so well. Just miss a meal, and have a glass of warm water instead, and it'll be quite all right."

With something approaching consternation—her figure is nearly all she thinks it is—Mrs. Veralour mounted on a chair and regarded herself in the glass.

"I don't see," she began, turning towards us, with her arms above her head. "Oh!" With a sudden spring she was on the floor. You *grooms*, to try and frighten me so that you should have more lunch."

"They've only laid lunch for us," explained Elizabeth, helping herself to salad.

"Us?" echoed Mrs. Veralour. "Why should you and Dick be

'us' more than *me*? D'you really mean, though, they've only provided lunch for two?"

"Yes. Elizabeth mustn't eat so much as usual, that's all. I suppose this room out here will be the likeliest place to look for plates."

"Did you knock a plate over?" inquired Elizabeth, when at length I returned in triumph.

"No," I said; "what you heard was a plate falling over because I didn't notice it. They seem very sensitive plates. Claret, Mrs. Veralour?"

"I must write and thank them," said Mrs. Veralour, after a while. "When one takes a house for the summer, one doesn't expect to be boarded as well."

"As a matter of fact," I said, "not only have they given us a lunch, but they've left a lot of things for us. I noticed them when I was looking for the plates."

"A lot of things?" echoed Mrs. Veralour, laying down her knife and fork. "What sort of things?"

"Well, for one thing, there's a ham—"

Before I could say any more, Elizabeth and Mrs. Veralour had risen like ravenous wolves and dashed from the room.

Presently they returned with the ham and a tin of tongue.

"There's enough in the pantry to last us for a week," cried Mrs. Veralour exultantly. "Dick, if you love me, carve the ham—even if you don't love me, carve it. They must have meant it for us, because it would go bad before they returned."

"It must be an exceptionally large pantry if it will hold enough to last us a week, at this rate," I observed, when my carving-arm threatened to become muscle-bound. "We shall have to see about getting a dog: it seems a shame to waste a nice bone like this."

"And fruit," cried Elizabeth, getting quite hysterical as she examined the sideboard, "and cigars. Dick, do have a cigar. They wouldn't leave them here if they didn't mean them for you."

"I should imagine," I said, as I lit up, "that the owner of this house let it as a hobby. We must come here again next summer, Mrs. Veralour. Really, four guineas a week is not excessive." I stooped and picked up the band of my cigar. "'Bock perfectos finos.' Hang it, this is a cigar a man keeps to smoke himself—he doesn't give it away!"

"It seems too good to be true," murmured Elizabeth. "Have a banana, Mrs. Veralour?"

"Thanks," said Mrs. Veralour. "Bother!" she cried the next moment, as she muffed the catch. "You've broken the wine-glass, Elizabeth. Dick, do wine-stains come out of table-cloths?"

"Yes," I said, not so much because I knew, as that I wanted to keep her from brooding. "Empty the salt-cellar over it."

"Isn't that bad luck?" she ventured, as she obeyed.

"Not if it takes the stain out," I returned. Taking my cigar from my mouth, I threw my shoulders back. "I think I'll go down and see about our luggage," I said, "while I feel like it."

As I strode down the gravel path and through the front gate, I turned and cast an approving glance at our home for the next few months. My jaw dropped, as something on the top rail of the gate caught my eye. Returning, I regarded it carefully. Then I spelt it. Then I went in to see Mrs. Veralour about it.

"Mrs. Veralour," I said, "who chose this house?"

"We all did," she returned. "Don't you remember we saw it in the *Field*?"

"I don't mean who chose it originally," I said; "I mean, who chose it to-day?"

"What do you mean?"

"Do you remember my observation that the man who named this house 'Seaview' must have had a telescope?"

"Yes."

"Well, I've just found that he hadn't a telescope, after all." Mrs. Veralour stared at me in consternation.

"How much wine has he had, Elizabeth?" she whispered.

"If he'd had a telescope," I went on, "he might have named it 'Seaview'; but, as he hadn't, he named it 'Seamew.'"

"Sea—" gasped Mrs. Veralour.

"—mew," finished Elizabeth.

"Yes," I said. "That taxi-driver must have misunderstood you."

"Do you mean to say," cried Mrs. Veralour, rising hurriedly to her feet and collecting her belongings, "that we've broken into a stranger's house?"

"Yes," I said.

"And eaten his lunch?" cried Elizabeth.

"Yes," I said; "and presumably not only his lunch, but his provisions for the week."

"What can we do?"

"Well," I said, fingering my hat, "we can stay and apologise, or—or we can—"

"Can what?" whispered Elizabeth.

But Mrs. Veralour, who is quick at taking a hint, was already tip-toeing from the room.

Exercise after a heavy meal is not always a bad thing. The more exercise Mrs. Veralour, Elizabeth, and I took the better we felt.

THE END.

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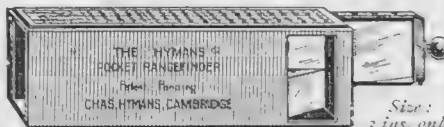
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WOMAN'S WAYS

Vivacious Aberdeen.

Let no one be misled by the outward appearance of a city. Buildings and monuments have the strangest way of belying the inhabitants. Who would guess the inexhaustible frivolity of London by its dingy streets? And Paris, too. Except on Montmartre, Paris these ten years past has been austere, almost morose. The *fausse gaieté* of Berlin had become a pathological symptom. Yet here I find Aberdeen—the famous Granite City—with the outward aspect of the first Mrs. Tanqueray, yet with a population easy, vivacious, and sprightly beyond anything to be found on our side of the Tweed. Yesterday, shopping in Union Street, I had spent two solid hours of my life on this planet matching buttons and acquiring things in dubious tartans which, please heaven, I shall never wear, only to find, at the end, that the parcel had been “lifted,” as the local phrase has it, by some more ingenious shopper than I. This distressing circumstance, however, caused all the shop assistants to be extraordinarily cheerful. They knew, they said, “the ledly” who had “lifted” it. Telephones would be set in action, and hue-and-cry would be raised, and the quarry would be run down before night. Evidently this is a sport favourably looked upon in vivacious Aberdeen. Moreover, the incident brought us all into close human contact, and before the end I was getting as pleased and smiling about my lost property as those *folâtre* Aberdeeneers themselves. Possibly living in a city of uncompromising granite induces an undue levity of mind and manners.

Going to Kirk. Everyone, when in Scotland, should take the opportunity of going to the local kirk. They will be disappointed at not seeing elders in shining hats outside collecting bawbees from the pious, as in the play called “Bunt,” but otherwise it is an interesting experience. One could wish that they would open the windows of these minute conventicles, as the congregation is numerous and the ceilings are surprisingly low; but, on the other hand, you are brought into such intimate relations with the Higher Powers by extemporary prayer and frequent hymns as to feel sometimes almost embarrassed.

Backstairs Bosh. The war has produced a flood of books on the Hapsburgs and Hohenzollerns—or reprints of such ephemera—which purport to give details of the private life of monarchs with whom we are at mortal combat. We are told how many times a day illustrious personages clean their nails or take a tub, what beautiful ladies solace their Imperial isolation, and other unimportant data. Unfortunately, I have never yet encountered one of these “scandalous” memoirs which was not written in the American language, and, moreover, the particular variety which is used in those big New York papers which are not too fastidious about style and grammar. In the one which I am reading a high-born German Countess in attendance on the Kaiserin Auguste Victoria invariably speaks of her “waist” when she means her bodice, of the “mail” when she would indicate the post, and other expressions which are not used by English-speaking Teutons in Europe. Thus distrust is sown in the mind of the simplest-minded reader, and all this traffic in royal experiences has, at best, but a spurious air. The only exception was a recent volume by the English governess of Kaiser Wilhelm’s daughter—a book written in such admirable English, with such good taste, and so nice a sense of humour, as to carry conviction on every page.

ELLA HEPWORTH DIXON.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER

Britain, Balloon-Pioneer.

Time was when the general public interest in the solution of the problems of human flight was, to say the least of it, spasmodic. The war has changed that, and even in this country, which is not always quick in assimilating new ideas, the merits of the aeroplane, the dirigible, and the aviator are freely discussed. That is as it should be, for we have produced some of the finest airmen in the world, and, after all, it was the British War Office which virtually pioneered the military use of balloons. Mr. Talbot’s book will add to the knowledge of the man in the street, and entertain him also. We have no space to deal with its many phases; therefore make a few extracts from many arresting passages.

Zeppelin Building-Speed; and Sounds.

First: “Upon the outbreak of hostilities Germany’s dirigible fleet was in a condition of complete preparedness, was better organised and better equipped than any of her rivals. . . . Standardisation of parts and the installation of the

desired machinery had accomplished one greatly desired end—the construction of new craft had been accelerated. Before the war an interesting experiment was carried out to determine how speedily a vessel could be built. The result proved that a dirigible of the most powerful type could be completed within eight weeks.” Then to another point: “Aerial operations under the cover of darkness are guided not so much by the glare of lights from below as betrayal by sound. The difference between villages and cities may be distinguished from aloft—say at 1500 to 3000 feet—by the hum which life and movement emit, and this is the best guide to the aerial scout or battleship. The German authorities have made a special study of this peculiar problem, and have conducted innumerable tests upon the darkest nights, when even the sheen of the moon has been unavailable, for the express purpose of training the aerial navigators to discover their position from the different sounds reaching them from below.”

Smoke Screens. Yet another point: “The German aviator has emulated the octopus. He carries not only explosive bombs, but smoke balls as well. When he is pursued, and he finds himself in danger of being overtaken, the Teuton aviator ignites these missiles and throws them overboard. The aeroplane becomes enveloped in a cloud of thick, impenetrable smoke. It is useless to fire haphazard at a cloud, inasmuch as it does not necessarily cover the aviator. He probably has dashed

out of the cloud in such a way as to put the screen between himself and his pursuer. In such tactics he has merely profited by a method which is practised freely on the water. The torpedo-boat flotilla, when in danger of being overwhelmed by superior forces, will throw off copious clouds of smoke. Under this cover it is able to steal away.”

“Zepp.” v. War-Ship.

One more quotation and we leave the book to the reader, assuring him of some fascinating hours. “The German code of naval tactics does not foreshadow the use of dirigible aircraft as vessels of attack. . . . The picture of a sky ‘black with Zeppelins’ may appeal to the public imagination . . . but the naval authorities are well aware that no material advantage would accrue from such a force. In the first place, they would constitute an ideal target. . . . The shells hurled from the Zeppelins would probably inflict but little damage upon the war-ships beneath. . . .”

“Aeroplanes and Dirigibles of War.” By Frederick A. Talbot. (Heinemann; 3s. 6d. net.)



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THE WOMAN OUT OF TOWN

Short and Sweet.

As a rule, people are making their holidays short this year. They are all the more sweet. The days in the open, lunching on the hillside, with the sun shining hot and strong, the breeze blowing cool and fresh, and the grouse crowing and clucking in the sweet-smelling heather, pass all too quickly. Or it may be sailing out on the sea, imagining that at any moment the periscope of a submarine may poke up, or that, looking over the side, far down in the blue water we might see a mine. Happily, such imaginings never materialise, and after a bit we down sail and try for some cod, capturing several from seven to ten pounds. Or it is, perhaps, a day on the links that passes our few short hours up in the far North. Fly-fishing is, alas! pretty hopeless: there is too little water in the rivers. Parties are small, but they are all as cheery as may be. A year ago we should hardly have believed it possible to live through such a carnage as this war, but we have now settled down to it.

Defying Time.

Englishwomen are acknowledged experts in defying the old gentleman with the scythe from placing his marks indelibly upon them. One reason is that Nature has endowed them with good skins; another is that specialists such as Mr. Philip H. Mason, 14, Bank Plain, Norwich, teach us how to help Nature to keep that which she has given. A booklet is sent free by him on application, giving most valuable information on preserving the hair and the skin. The massaging of the scalp with the well-known Jaborandi Hair Tonic gives astonishing results in the way of growth. If it is used in conjunction with Petrolate of Sulphur, greyness is checked or prevented. The skin, massaged in the simple way outlined in the booklet with Mason's skin food, will be kept soft, smooth, and healthful; whilst great improvement will be effected in the contour of face, neck, and arms. Cream of Stephanotis, which has for over a quarter of a century enjoyed a splendid reputation for day and evening use, is perfectly natural, refreshingly cool, and most efficiently protective. Jansia skin-food powder is another most useful preparation. Also there is a depilatory for removing unwanted hairs, which are the bane of some girls' lives, and for preventing subsequent visible growth.

Held a Drawing-Room for Queen Adelaide.

The Dowager Duchess of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, who has entered on her ninety-fourth year, once held a Drawing-Room in St. James's Palace for Queen Adelaide, Consort of William IV. She is Queen Mary's only surviving aunt, and is a Princess of Great Britain and Ireland, although her income of £3000 a year is sequestered because of the war. The old lady, who devoted herself to her handsome husband, blinded accidentally by their only son, has always been suspected of pro-British leanings, and is, in consequence, no favourite in Germany just now. Her grandson, the reigning Grand Duke, was over here a great deal during our last two seasons of peace. He also was supposed to be pro-British, but he is now in arms against us. One of her grand-daughters (both made their appearance in the Court circle in London and enjoyed subsequent London seasons) is the wife of Prince Danilo, eldest son of King Nicholas of Montenegro; the other made an alliance which was annulled, and,

after due formalities had been carried out, her Highness resumed her maiden name.

Not Fit Company.

The Prince of Wales added his autograph to those of his father and grandfather on the Duke of Sutherland's engine of his private train, which runs from Inverness up north. There are several other interesting autographs on that engine. Queen Victoria was a passenger by the train, the engine of which was driven by the present Duke's grandfather; but her Majesty placed her autograph in the Castle book. There was an autograph on the engine which the Duke has had expunged, as it was not fit company for its fellows. It was that of a German Prince who was a guest at Dunrobin a few seasons ago.

The rebuilding of the burned portion of the Castle has been commenced. It will take three years to complete it. Some alteration from the original is intended, but the general appearance will be little altered. Stone hewn from Brora quarries will be used.

The Wealthy Ferdinands.

The Kings of Bulgaria and Roumania are both reputed very wealthy men, and their riches are German-invested, or very largely so. Naturally, therefore, they are cautious about joining the Quadruple Entente. It would seem, however, that, like King Constantine, they may have to choose between their crowns and their wealth, for the peoples are all for joining in the war—certainly the Greeks and Roumanians are. The Queen of Roumania is Anglo-Russian, the Queen of Greece Anglo-German, and the Queen of Bulgaria German; her predecessor, King Ferdinand's first wife, was French, and was the mother of the Prince of Tirnova, the Prince Royal, who is twenty-one. The Greek royal family are not wealthy, and the King, previous to the Balkan War, was regarded as one of the pleasure-loving Princes of Europe.

A NEW NOVEL.

It is prudential on the part of an author who proposes to conduct her heroine along so weary a road as that travelled by Sophy Chesney ("Shadows of Flames," by Amélie Rives (Princess Troubetzkoy); Hurst and Blackett) to see that she be dowered with warm golden stains like those of a bruised magnolia-leaf beneath eyes which they rendered mysterious and impassioned—and the

genius of poetry. "It never rains but it pours," Sophy's constant refrain during long successions of minor and major troubles, was the most just remark imaginable. To have given herself for love to two impossible husbands, each of whom succeeded in being subtly cruel; to have kept a third potential one dangling for years, to his and her misery, and eventually throw him over as sop either to maternal affection or a malicious Mrs. Grundy as personified in the Dowager Lady Wychcote—one isn't quite sure which, for the Princess is not too clear in her thinking—is a hard fate for any young woman. Things matrimonially were "agin" Sophy from the start, and unhappiness deepens from Regent's Park to Venice, from Venice to Virginia. Things are far from satisfactorily settled by the end of close upon 600 pages. Sophys like this, with a turn for poetry and magnolia-stains beneath the star-like eyes, are not made for happiness; they are made to be dismally unhappy through 600 pages of sympathetic history, which shall spell "enormous success."



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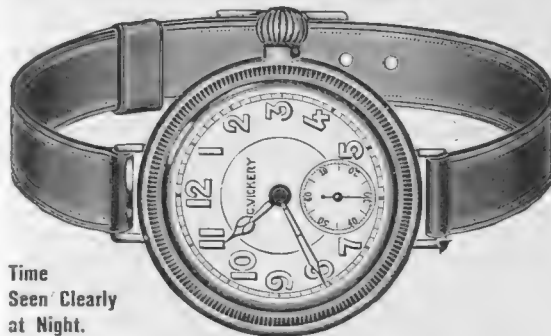
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THE THERMO-SYPHON QUESTION: A DESCRIPTION DIFFICULTY: PARALLELS.

The Cooling of Light Cars.

Matters for some time past have been so stereotyped where cars of high or medium power are concerned that they present practically no new features which may be regarded as being on trial, and therefore requiring to be watched; and the situation is emphasised the more by reason of the fact that there was no Olympia Show in November last, with the result that such new cars as have been built this year are in the main of last year's pattern. With the light-car industry, however, the case is somewhat different. Quite a number of vehicles of this type have been brought forward by firms who have never built big cars. In many instances the British light car is an independent creation, and embodies many features which are departures from conventional practice. There is one principle, however, which is common to the majority of light cars, and that is thermo-syphon cooling. It is no new thing, of course, having been used on the Renault for many years, and adopted by a few other firms; at the same time, a standard feature of the average car of high or medium power is cooling by pump circulation.

A Surprising Failure.

Last year's experience showed plainly enough that, however good thermo-syphon might be as a system, its application had not been sufficiently studied in the case of certain light cars. It will be interesting, therefore, to note at the end of the present summer whether this detail has received the attention it deserves. I mention the fact because I have just heard of one well-known light car which scored an ignominious failure in the Lake District. A single example was sent there by the makers in the hope of establishing a clientèle, but the car was found to boil badly on a well-known hill rising out of Keswick. Now this is nothing if not ridiculous. There is nothing particularly formidable in the hill in question, and any car, large or small, ought to be able to climb it without over-heating. It is not surprising, therefore, to be told that not a single car of the particular make referred to has been sold in the district named. In this, as in so many other questions affecting the successful running of a car, there is no real difficulty in the matter, which is one simply of dimensions and careful design.

The Misnaming of Cars.

Time was when the bringing of cars across the Channel appeared to have a wonderfully stimulating effect upon their engine-power, and in the agents' catalogues on this side a 12-h.p. chassis often blossomed into one of 16 h.p., notwithstanding the fact that the French horse-power unit is somewhat lower than the English. There

was some measure of excuse in those days, however, inasmuch as cars were usually described according to their normal rate of revolutions, whereas, when accelerated, they gave, of course, considerably more power. Then again, it was found that Italian cars in particular were described much below their actual capabilities, and this was discovered to be due to the fact that in their own country they were taxed according to their horse-power, and the makers adopted the practice, accordingly, of placing the figure—in catalogues, at all events—as low as possible. Then came a period when cars in this country were almost universally described in double-barrel fashion—for example, 12-16 h.p., 18-24 h.p., 28-40 h.p., etc., the alternative figures indicating the power at normal and accelerated engine-speeds respectively. This was a good system on the whole, but in its turn it became less general when the British cars also came to be the subject of a special tax. As this tax was levied upon what is known as Treasury rating—which is the same thing as R.A.C. rating—cars came to be described, in many cases, by a single figure; not necessarily precisely that of the horse-power by formula, but at any rate approximating thereto.

Close Inquiry Needed.

None the less, it would seem to be as necessary as ever to inquire very closely into the dimensions of any given engine rather than accept its commercial description or mis-description. Sometimes one sees cars of different makes prefixed by the same horse-power figures, only to find that their capacities are entirely different. I have lately received, for example, a circular as to a 14-h.p. car, and on further examination found that its bore and stroke were 75 mm. by 120 mm. Now a typical standard car which is as well known as any other is the 12-h.p. Rover, but this has a bore and stroke of 75 mm. by 130 mm. Anyone, however, taking the announcement of the 14-h.p. chassis on its face-value would have

imagined it to have a larger engine than the well-known Rover. Sundry direct parallels may usefully be drawn, moreover, where the catalogue figures are identical. The 10-h.p. Swift, for example, has an engine of 63 mm. by 90 mm., while the 10-h.p. Humber has 65 mm. by 120 mm., and four speeds into the bargain instead of three. There



A SOLDIER WHO HAS TAKEN HIS AVIATOR'S CERTIFICATE AT THE AGE OF SIXTY: BRIGADIER-GENERAL LEWIS HALL, C.B.

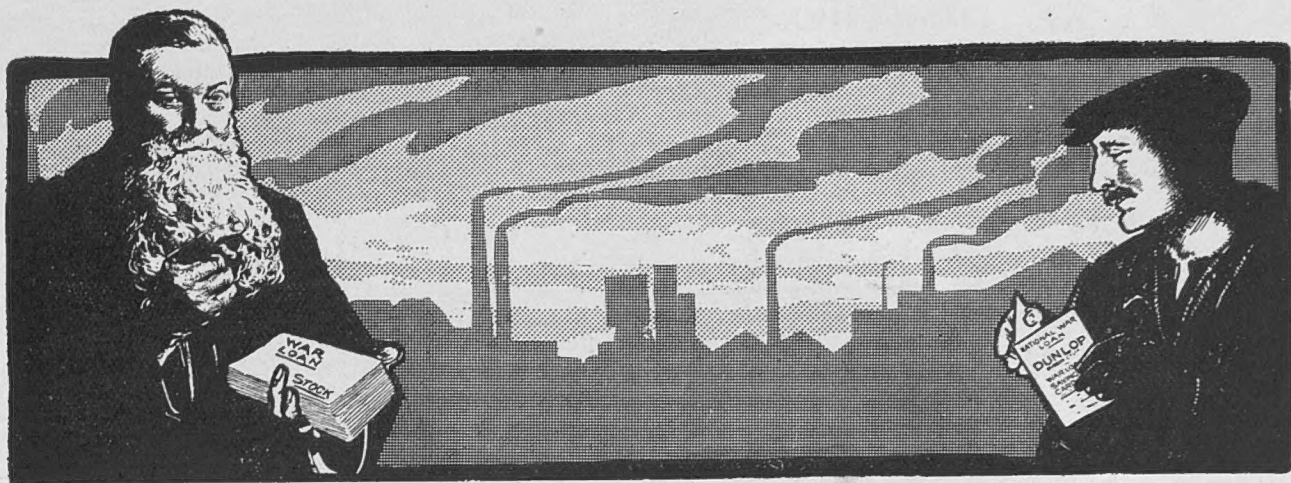
Brigadier-General Hall was born in September 1855, and retired five years ago. Now, after being taught at the London and Provincial Flying School at Hendon, he has taken his aviator's certificate. He entered the Army in 1873; served on the North-West Frontier, 1897-98, and at Chin-Lushai in 1899-1900; and commanded a brigade in India from 1906 till 1910.



A JOKE AT THE DARDANELLES, WHICH MIGHT WELL BE USED TO DECEIVE SCOUTING ENEMY AIRMEN! A "FAKE" AEROPLANE, WITH DUMMY GUN AND SEWING-MACHINE ENGINE.

Photograph by Wyndham.

are many other features, of course, about a chassis which require to be taken into account when appraising its value for money, and superiority of engine-size alone does not make one car better than another. But at least the prospective purchaser needs to be on his guard in the matter of description, and not take it for granted that two engines similarly described are necessarily of equal power.



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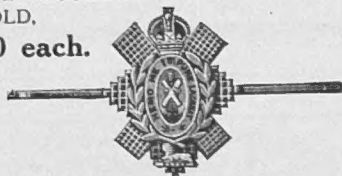
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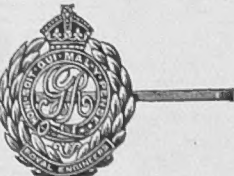


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THINGS NEW: AT THE THEATRES.

"THE BIG DRUM" is a title that interests most of us, since there are few who do not try sometimes to play on the instrument. Even I—but mine is a very little big drum. Apparently Sir Arthur Pinero intended to write for the St. James's a satire upon boomsters; but changed his mind during the course of the work, for there is little satire save of an obvious character, and upon a very small group of people—it is a queer fact that the one important character who is not a drummer comes off badly. He is the modest, amiable novelist, who gets engaged to a fascinating widow, but is not to wed her till he has "made good." He trusts to his talent, but the lady, in order to make assurance doubly sure, booms his new novel by buying and hiding a couple of dozen editions. Of course she does this without the knowledge of the author, who looks supremely ridiculous when the truth comes out, and for a moment hates her. However, he quickly forgives; but she, to his and our amazement, won't marry him, and the play at first ended with her departure, but this has now been changed by the author, in deference to the public. We have the quite enjoyable humours, painted rather heavily, of the Filson family.

Papa F.—or, to be more respectful, Sir Randle Filson—is truly comic with his massive, pompous snobbishness; and Mr. Allan Aynesworth, with a quaint make-up, is irresistibly funny: a really fine piece of character-acting. Sir Randle's wife and son, snobs also, are amusingly presented by Miss Helen Ferrers and Mr. Nigel Playfair. It is from the family and the dramatic scene of the exposure of the book fraud that the public will get its pleasure;



"YPRES. 1915."

In response to inquiries, there have been prepared a limited number of real photographs of the unique picture of "Ypres, 1915" published in the "Illustrated London News" of August 28. The prints are twenty inches by thirteen inches, on stiff mount, and may be obtained, price seven shillings and sixpence each, plus sixpence inland postage, by applying to "L. S. P., "Illustrated London News," Milford Lane, Strand, W.C.

and the sentimental and serious scenes, despite the acting, have been somewhat shortened. All the skill of Sir George Alexander cannot render the novelist a thrilling or even real person, and yet the actor played with his full skill and sincerity. Miss Irene Vanbrugh, in the part of the widow, his over-zealous sweetheart, is at her best, and the delicacy of the passionate note introduced by her is quite remarkably fine. One must not overlook Mr. Norman Forbes, who handled the part of a friend of the family very nicely.

Mr. Leonard Boyne delighted the audience by his charming picture of a gallant Irishman. Altogether a play with a great deal that is interesting and amusing and some acting of brilliant quality. Surely that's enough.

The new American play with the title "Kick-In," at the Vaudeville has its exciting moments, and is a wonderful collection of strange new flowers of speech. The new speech suggested that the time might be near when the shop-window announcement "American Understood Here" would be something more than a joke. The story was of the thrilling type associated with New York police and crime; and the police were shown at their worst, bullying criminals or ex-criminals shown at their best. And the ex-criminals were not only virtuous and attractive, but baffled the police by simple little tricks;

and it served the police right. There is a brilliantly clever study of a drug-sodden degenerate youth which the Grand Guignol would have delighted in. This was played by Mr. Noel Arnold. Mr. Ramsey Wallace, too, was very good as the hero who was once in prison; and Miss Helen Holmes and Miss Edith Browning played finely as two police-persecuted wives. The police were excellently acted by Mr. Wilton Taylor and Mr. James A. Heenan in the broadest American style.

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